

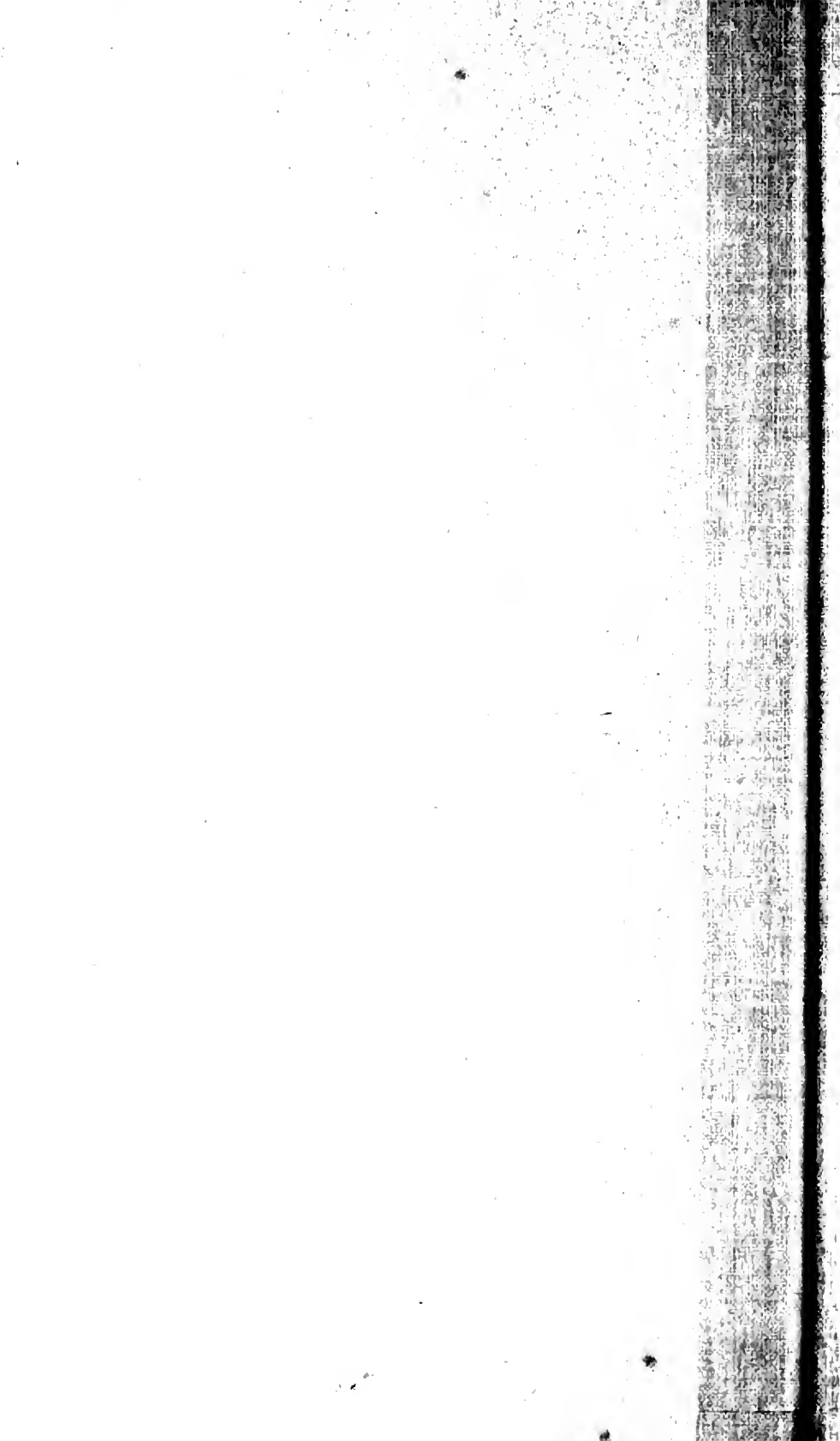


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MAJOR GENERAL PHILIP SCHUYLER,  
AND THE  
BURGOYNE CAMPAIGN IN THE SUMMER OF 1777.

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“No head more gentle ever bowed o'er toil;  
No neck more yielding bent to duty's yoke.  
No lure could tempt him, no seduction soil,  
Because his heart went with the word he spoke.  
And God still guided him on MANTHOOD'S way!  
Well said, wise Shakespeare—'to thyself be true;  
And it shall follow, as the night the day,  
Thou can'st not then be false to any man!'  
And thus in oneness with his nature's plan,  
He wrought whate'er his hand might find to do—  
With all his strength, his heart, his mind, his will!  
God rest him! may his sweet EXAMPLE still  
Stir, like the air of Liberty, which waves  
Our stary flags, and woos our soldiers' graves!”

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MR. PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY:—At the annual meetings in January, 1875, and in 1876, I exerted myself to portray to you the greatest patriot, citizen and soldier developed by the “Slaveholders' Rebellion,” for the salvation of the national integrity. The paper for this evening will be an equally earnest endeavor to present to you the character of the purest patriot, the most self-sacrificing citizen, and by far the ablest military commander belonging to the State of New York, who was brought to the front by the American Revolution—the seven years' war—to usher into being and establish that which George H. Thomas did so much to preserve.

The great man now to be considered, was by birth and descent a real son of the Empire State, and his prescient sagacity discerned the very system which gave it pre-eminence. He was a

true Knickerbocker in the fullest sense of the word, bred and trained on its battle-fields which constituted this colony, as it has been appropriately styled, the "Cock-pit of America." Yes, New York was to the Thirteen Colonies, that which Belgium or Flanders or the old Netherlands had and has been for centuries in Europe, the battle-field between France and England. During our embryo condition, New York was to France and England exactly what Sicily became in the prophetic language of Pyrrhus, for Rome and for Carthage, the training-ground for British and French soldiers and generals, their regulars, provincials, and Colonial militia.

In a similar school to that of Schuyler, and among many of the principal actors on the fields of 1776 and 1777, Washington prepared himself for his extraordinary station, and with such experience, Schuyler made himself the eminently useful man he turned out to be—sufficiently practical to ruin so renowned a professional as Burgoyne, to whom all the world imputed genius.

He was the second Major General nominated by the Colonial Congress, second only in *grade* to Washington, and second to no man in the virtues which constitute one of nature's nobility—second in nothing that is requisite to complete and make up the Christian gentleman.

To whom, of all our continental major generals, excepting Washington, would such language as this be applicable unless to Major General Philip Schuyler.

To those present, who may not be intimately acquainted with the history of the American Revolution, such language may appear like exaggeration. No one will esteem it so when he hears the following attest from the pen of one of our most truthful, judicious, learned and reliable men—the venerable Chancellor James Kent:

"Among the patriots of the American Revolution who asserted the rights of their country in council, and equally vindicated its cause in the field, the name of Philip Schuyler stands pre-eminent. In acuteness of intellect, profound thought, indefatigable activity, exhaustless energy, pure patriotism, and persevering and intrepid public efforts, he had no superior."

Again, this distinguished man remarked in a discourse before this very Society in 1828: "If the military life of General Schuyler was inferior in brilliancy to that of some others of his countrymen, none of them ever surpassed him in fidelity, activity, and devotedness to the service. The characteristic of all his

measures was utility. They bore the stamp and unerring precision of practical science. There was nothing complicated in his character. It was chaste and severe simplicity; and, take him for all in all, he was one of the wisest and most efficient men, both in military and civil life, that the State or the Nation has produced."

To do justice to this theme and to present a proper biographical sketch of this great and good man would far exceed the limited portion of time which can be allotted to any one at this Annual Meeting. Consequently it is advisable, if not absolutely necessary to confine the attention to that period of his career which, although often written, has never been presented so clearly in a condensed form as it should have been to enable his fellow-citizens generally to know how much he did accomplish—how much he deserved—how, when success was about to crown his efforts, his laurels were partly filched from him by a vain-glorious, but cunning intriguer nor "native here and to the manner born"—partly wrenched from him by a body of politicians, like all associations of political parties incapable of understanding a frank and loyal soldier, and of comprehending a disinterested self-sacrificing man. This intriguer, Horatio Gates, was perfectly understood by the true men of the day, and by his clearer headed associates in arms. They saw through the boasting Englishman, who so unblushingly appropriated, and who wore so arrogantly the laurels which belonged to the son of New York.

How significant the words of his friend, Charles Lee, when inflated with his previous good luck, Gates set off to assume the command in the Carolinas, conferred upon him by Congress, without consulting Washington. "Beware," said Lee, "that your northern laurels do not change to southern willows."

It did not require either much time or opportunity to reveal Gates. He showed himself at his full value at Camden, when there was no self-forgetting Schuyler to prepare for him the way, and secure to him the victory.

From the battle-field to which he hastened without a general's preparation, he was swept away amidst the first rout. Well might censure fall "very heavily on General Gates for the precipitation and distance of his retreat." His first stop was at Charlotte, ninety miles from the scene of action, and "he scarcely halted (or drew rein) until he reached Hillsborough," one hundred and eighty miles from Camden. It is said that "his hair grew white as he flew" wildly away from the scene of disastrous

defeat which he had counted upon as the stage of assured triumph.

From Hillsborough, he wrote in the humblest style to Washington, deprecating a severe judgment on the part of the Commander-in-Chief, and appealing to the generosity of the very man whom he had so wickedly labored to throw down and to supplant. Schuyler was almost avenged through this inglorious flight. In some respects this disgrace of Gates was in strict accordance with fine drawn poetical justice, but nothing human could compensate Schuyler for the injuries Gates and his faction had done him both in 1776 and 1777. Schuyler had already more to forgive before the summer campaign of '77, than most men are willing to condone, and forbearance ceased to be a virtue when the incalculably over-estimated Englishman was called to take his place, in August of this year 1777.

What feelings of self-condemnation must have passed through the mind of this wearer of another man's anadem, when he reflected upon how he had vainly striven to play the same part in respect to Washington, that he had succeeded in playing towards Schuyler; and that his very success with regard to Schuyler had revealed the truth in regard to himself, and thus the educated *Present* tears from the brow of Gates, the wreath of victory placed there by the ignorant *Past*, and restores it to its proper position upon that noble head, the shrine of a sagacity which, in spite of every obstacle, *made possible* the surrender of Burgoyne.

This statement—all that is said here to-night—comes with double force and augmented emphasis from the lips of the speaker—a descendant, on every side, of families, who, with equal, if not of greater influence in the colony, were the political opponents of Schuyler, through whose counsels all of them suffered, and at whose hands the sufferings of some of them were inflicted. Therefore, thus to exalt him, and thus to pronounce his eulogy, is a testimony of his deserving which should carry with it a weight of conviction which might be withheld were these the utterances of a connection, an associate, a member of the same party, and consequently more or less a partisan.

“Philip Schuyler was a pure and devoted patriot, and although my enemy in his closing years,” is the record of the noted Elkanah Watson, written in 1792, “I freely accord my homage of admiration and gratitude.”

“In spite of personal difference and conflict of opinion, which produced coldness and alienation, the deep reverence of Mr. Watson for General Schuyler was never diminished.” In his memoirs

he refers to him in the following language: "General Schuyler possessed the highest order of talents. \* \* \* \* He was a profound mathematician, and held a powerful pen; his industry was unexampled; his business habits were accurate and systematic, acquired under the discipline of General Bradstreet, of the British army, who was a distinguished friend of his family. Having extensively travelled and mingled with the first circles of society, he was eminently refined in his sentiments and elegant in his address.

"Had Providence blessed Philip Schuyler with the equanimity of mind and self-control which distinguished Washington, he would have been his equal in all the elevated moral and military attributes of his character. America owed to Schuyler a vast debt of gratitude for his distinguished services, both in the Cabinet and in the Field. \* \* \*

"To the consummate strategic skill, and the wise Fabian policy of Schuyler, we were indebted for the conquest of Burgoyne. At the moment in which he was about to reap the fruits of his sacrifices and labors he was superseded. When the laurels he had so well earned were almost within his grasp they were cruelly wrested from him. He was sacrificed by a spirit of intrigue and insubordination in his army, cherished probably by the mutual animosity which existed between him and the men of New England. The idea generally prevailed in those states that Schuyler fostered a hereditary prejudice against them, while the stern and arbitrary measures which at times marked his military career, and had probably been imbibed in the discipline of the British army, did violence to their sentiments of equality and independence."

If the anecdote which Mr. Watson relates to demonstrate the idea of discipline among the New England troops with whom he came in contact, was generally, and still prevalent in 1777, there is little wonder that such as these and a real soldier could not agree. The narrator having been born within rifle shot of the "Blarney Stone of New England," Plymouth's "consecrated rock," he can scarcely be charged with prejudice against his brethren. "While passing through the camp" (at Cambridge), says he, "I overheard a dialogue between a captain of the militia and one of his privates, which forcibly illustrated the character and condition of this army. 'Bill,' said the captain, 'go and bring a pail of water for the mess.' 'I shan't,' was the reply of Bill; '*it is your turn now, Captain, I got the last.*'"

“ Even the elements of subordination had then scarcely been introduced. Officers and men had rushed to the field, under the ardent impulses of a common patriotism; and the selections of the former by the troops or their appointments, which first occurred, were rather accidental and temporary, than controlled from any regard to superior position or acquirement. All to a great extent had occupied at home, a social equality, the influence of which still remained. The distinctions of rank, and the restraints of military discipline and etiquette, were yet to be established.”

Philip Schuyler was an honest man, an open, able, gallant foe; he did his full duty by the cause he espoused, and he never received the acknowledgments due to him, much less the reward to which he was entitled. As in the case of George H. Thomas, he was dead before his countrymen had learned to know and appreciate him.

Why? Because both these illustrious Americans were too grand and too great for the measuring capacity of little, of ordinary men. The masses could not understand either Thomas or Schuyler, not only from sheer inability, but because they were perverted and misled by parties interested in underrating them. It requires a *very* man—not “bread and butter” men—to comprehend the truth, capacity, generosity, and magnanimity of such exceptional specimens of humanity as Thomas and Schuyler.

Creasy, in his “Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World,” one of the best known and one of the most highly esteemed works in our language in this generation, considers the “Surrender of Burgoyne” as the thirteenth of those fields of decision—“those few battles, whose contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes.” This is undoubtedly the case. It was the greatest event of the American Revolution. It was the turning point—the “Gettysburg” of the seven years’ terrible struggle.

There were no foreign arms present to share the glory. It was purely an American triumph. No Frenchman fixed a bayonet or fired a shot. The Colonists did the work for themselves. No French sinews of war assisted; no French ammunition was in the barrels of the victorious guns, or in the cartridge boxes of the victors. No foreign talent, so greatly overestimated in popular histories, directed, nor foreign gallantry led the men. Our people themselves won this success in the field, and it, in turn, won for them and for us the French alliance and co-operation. Had



we been defeated at Bœhmus Heights, or Stillwater, or Freeman's Farm, or Saratoga, whichever be the title selected for the final collision, France would not have considered the Colonies as an available weapon—a club wherewith to avenge her wrongs upon England. Everything accorded to us, and done by Louis XVI. was subsequent. It was the key to the sympathies of his cabinet. Without it there would have been no American independence. Nevertheless, the hero who made such a success possible, the real hero, the great man, Schuyler, appeared at the surrender as a simple citizen deprived of his command—in dark brown citizen's clothes, not in uniform—to see the arrogant little man, Gates, who supplanted him, enjoy the honors of the triumph and harvest its reward.

But on this simple spectator in plain habiliments, the eyes of the defeated generals were fixed rather than upon the one in military costume, to whom they had to deliver up their side-arms. If Burgoyne could not tender his sword to Schuyler in his modest citizen-suit, and if he could not surrender his army to him as to his *nominal* conqueror, he nevertheless could still offer him his acknowledgements as to his moral vanquisher—victor chiefest of all in magnanimity.

The very spot selected for the Surrender of Burgoyne was “the ground where Schuyler's house stood, and Gates and his suite met the British generals and their staffs not far below the smouldering ruins of General Schuyler's mansion,” and elegant improvements which the English general had caused to be burned, and, as he testifies, was the only property fired by the direction of himself or officers during the campaign. Burgoyne even valued them at £10,000 sterling—\$50,000—equal to more than three times that amount at the present day.

“One of the first persons I saw,” said he, “after the convention was signed, was Gen. Schuyler. I expressed my regret at the event which had happened, and the reasons (military) which had occasioned it.

“You show me great kindness,” added General Burgoyne, although I have done you much injury.”

“Think no more of it. That was the fate of war;” replied the noble and brave New Yorker.

Afterwards, in the presence of the assembled British Senate, Burgoyne acknowledged his sense of gratitude for Schuyler's generous hospitality and chivalrous courtesy.

Such high souled charity was indeed extraordinary.

The Baroness Riedesel, wife of the general commanding the German contingent, was affected almost to tears by Schuyler's reception. The kindness and tenderness of the "handsome," the "noble" man restored her courage and his hospitality the strength of herself and her children.

Now let us turn from Schuyler himself to what he achieved.

Pitt's plan of campaign for 1759, which resulted in the capture of Quebec, and delivered the death-blow to French dominion on this continent, was a masterpiece. It has been exceeded by very few mentioned in history; and if each of Pitt's instruments had executed the duty assigned to him with only a portion of the ability and energy displayed by Wolfe, the whole bloody and costly business which dragged on into another year would have been terminated simultaneously with the battle on the Plains of Abraham.

Amherst, starting from his base in New York, was to capture the French forts on Lake Champlain, and to descend the river Richelieu to the St. Lawrence; while Prideaux and Sir William Johnson were to drive the French out of their stronghold of Niagara, and by Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence work on, down, to Montreal. Meanwhile, Wolfe, sailing from England, was to ascend the St. Lawrence, and to make himself master of the key-point Quebec.

As is well known, Wolfe was the only one of the three who carried out his part of the programme, and fell in the arms of victory, deciding that England should be mistress not only of this their key, but of all the Canadas.

In 1777, Pitt's plan of '59, for the conquest of the Canadas, a masterpiece of strategical conception, was exactly reversed. Burgoyne was to move southward, up Lake Champlain; St. Leger, eastward, down the Mohawk, and Clinton northward, up the Hudson. The three were to concentrate at Albany, sever the middle and southern Colonies from New England, and then, from this central position, dividing their strength, prevent mutual assistance and crush both in succession.

Von Bulow, the greatest military critic who has ever lived, the predecessor and superior of Jomini, was in this country shortly after the Revolution (1791-'2), and wrote upon the subject in 1797, and in subsequent years. He gives the plan his unqualified approbation. He is thoroughly endorsed by a French military critic, Lieut. Colonel M. Joly de St. Valier, who published his views more recently in 1803.

When he learned that General Burgoyne moved on Lake Champlain and occupied the post of Ticonderoga, he remarked: "I then thought the English had perceived their mistake, and that their army was about to occupy the only post which was proper, and when I learned the arrival of Burgoyne at Ticonderoga, I believed the Americans to be lost without remedy."

But the short space of time allotted to this address compels the relinquishment of criticism and an immediate consideration of the facts of the summer campaign of 1777.

On the 22nd May, General Schuyler was assigned to the command of the whole northern department. To the north, the extreme important point was Ticonderoga, 95 miles N. by E. of Albany; to the west, Fort Stanwix, on the site of the present city of Rome, 109 miles W. N. W. of the State capital. He reached Albany from Philadelphia on the 3d June. Gates, with his usual indiscipline, refused to accept the subordinate command of Ticonderoga.

"General Schuyler found that 'nothing had been done during his absence, to improve the means of defense on the frontiers. Nothing, comparatively speaking, to supply Ticonderoga with provisions.'" He proceeded at once, with his usual "activity, fervor and energy," to procure supplies, rouse the committees of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New York to the importance of sending forward their militia, and was on his way to reinforce St. Clair with about 2,000 men, when, on the 7th July, he received the intelligence that Ticonderoga was evacuated."

Let us devote a few moments to the institution of a contrast between the army which had rendezvoused at Cumberland Point, on Lake Champlain, 17th—20th June, and to which Ticonderoga had surrendered by day-break, on the 6th July, and which Schuyler now had to encounter, and this same after it had been depleted more than one-half by battles, privations, desertions, labors and diseases within the next four months, when Gates appeared: likewise between the force which Schuyler gathered up to arrest the victorious Burgoyne, and the gradually aggregated army which, when ready to crush the enemy, he was compelled through envy, prejudice, enmity, and other baser passions, to turn over to Gates, *nominally* to exercise command and actually to reap an unearned reward.

*Nominally* is not an improper nor an unjust term, since even with his vast preponderance of numbers Gates would have accomplished little or nothing, had it not been for the superlative

intrepidity, intelligence, energy and ability of Arnold, for whom Schuyler had applied in the first instance, and the experienced Morgan with his merryming sharpshooters, themselves in influence and effect equal to a little army in this region, especially adapted to their service.

When Burgoyne ascended Lake Champlain to "Old Ty," his fleet presented a splendid spectacle, and his army and flotilla were supplied with everything necessary to render them as effective for display as efficient for service. History sounds like romance in describing the magnificent spectacle as it moved over this beautiful sheet of water, in the full brightness of one of the cloudless summer days which renders ordinary scenes glorious with its glowing golden sunlight. Besides all the regular appliances for the immediate campaign, no army of the period was ever more admirably equipped, and in proportion to its numbers and to their expected service, its train of artillery was complete. Out of its eight or nine thousand combatants, over seven thousand were either veterans or picked troops, under leaders of great experience. Its commander-in-chief stood very high in his profession, and he had made a brilliant record on the banks of the Tagus for dash, as well as judgment, under the eyes of a master in the art of war, the famous Count Schaumburg-Lippe, or Lippe-Buckeburg, who had been selected by Frederic the Great, or the Second Frederic, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, to save the Kingdom of Portugal, on the very verge of ruin.

Although Lake Champlain had witnessed many military pageants in the previous French wars, it had never borne upon its bosom such a one as this. Disciplined war was here in all its perfectness of men, material and music, and the "sea of mountains" which encircle this inland sea, reverberated with the martial strains of England and of Germany. To these again responded the boat-songs, replete with melody, of the Canadian provincials; the whole accentuated by the wild battle cries of savage allies, decked in the highest barbaric ornament in which these revel on the war-path.

In opposition, Schuyler was not able for weeks to collect over four thousand Continentals and militia. The latter were not only destitute of proper weapons, but of necessary equipments and of adequate clothing. There were not sufficient bayonets among them for one-third of the muskets, and many of the patriotic frontiersmen who responded to the despairing cry of the nation's birth-throes were so illy clad, that in the reports of the

day they were justly qualified as "naked." This, too, at a season of very unusual rain, in a region of forest and marsh-fog, where warm clothing is an absolute necessity for health at night, even in the dog days.

When flushed with victory and easy triumph, with the unresisted occupation of a fortress, esteemed by laymen a Gibraltar to close the route between Montreal and Albany, the British army concentrated at Skenesborough, and had been augmented by the accession of hundreds of royalists; by this time Schuyler's motley force had dwindled to two thousand seven hundred; some reports state it as low as fifteen hundred dispirited men.

Three months after, when Schuyler by practical-strategy, by constant attrition had reduced Burgoyne's effective strength to less than five thousand, the persevering New Yorker had gathered together twelve to fifteen thousand, with which Gates was to overwhelm the enemy at Saratoga.

Even the New England historian, so bitter against those whom he does not endorse or affect, furnishes a paragraph whose admissions redeem much of his prejudiced chapters. It reads as follows: "Burgoyne's campaign had proceeded as foreshadowed by Washington; yet the anxious care of Congress concentrated itself there. On the first of August, it relieved Schuyler from command by an almost unanimous vote, and on the fourth, eleven states elected Gates his successor. Before he assumed the command, Fort Stanwix was safe and the victory of Bennington achieved; yet it hastened to vote him all the powers and all the aid which Schuyler in his moods of despondency had entreated. Touched by the ringing appeals of Washington, thousands of the men of Massachusetts, even from the counties of Middlesex and Essex, were in motion towards Saratoga. Congress, overriding Washington's advice, gave Schuyler's successor plenary power to make requisitions for additional numbers of militia on New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Washington had culled from his troops five hundred riflemen, and formed them under Morgan into the best corps of skirmishers that had ever been attached to any army; Congress directed them to be sent immediately to assist Gates against the Indians, and Washington obeyed so promptly, that the order may seem to have been his own."

Notwithstanding Gates had such a preponderating force in hand, some 10 to 13,000 men, comparatively well organized and equipped, with as many more hastening forward to re-enforce him, he was evidently nervous at Stillwater and as unwilling to engage

as was charged upon Schuyler, when the latter had only 1,500 troops, imperfectly armed and found, at Fort Edward. Nevertheless, all this time Gates was availing himself of Schuyler's plans without acknowledgment, while consulting Schuyler's friends and previous subordinates, so as to avoid the necessity of crediting any advice or assistance to its real suggestor and originator. Moreover, if Arnold had not compelled him to fight, and had not fought, and had not thus precipitated events, a few days would have justified the remark of the French observer, viz: "That Burgoyne's troops would eventually have been obliged to beg Gates to accept their surrender, and accord them the means of prolonging life." Such was the condition of affairs for which Schuyler had prepared before the intriguing Gates arrived to profit by the desperate situation of the enemy.

Schuyler, harassed and baffled, the British full and feasting; Gates, or rather his troops, fought them fasting or starving, both as regards ammunition for their guns and supplies for their mouths.

Schuyler received intelligence of the evacuation of a position impregnable in the opinion of the masses, either at his home at Saratoga, or on his way to Fort Edward.

Could any experienced officer have believed that St. Clair would abandon a strong-hold like Ticonderoga, almost without firing a shot? Far be it from the speaker's intention to throw another stone at this unfortunate officer, but he was indeed, in every respect an unlucky man. John Adams, when he heard the news, was almost justified in saying, "We shall never be able to defend a post until we shoot a general." This hard rule, but an effective one, would have produced admirable results if it had been applied in the Union army, during the "Slave-holders Rebellion."

Turenne, a master professor of the art of war, said that "in military matters the two most important factors were TIME and FORTUNE; time was inestimable, but that adverse fortune was irresistible or invincible." St. Clair was no favorite of fortune, and his concluding scene, his crushing defeat by the Miamis, 4th Nov., 1791, fourteen years afterwards, showed that he was not the man for emergencies. Ticonderoga ought to have arrested Burgoyne, at all events for a time. Still there was a silver lining to the black cloud of its abandonment. Had this fortress, which had stopped more than one English and French army, arrested Burgoyne, his line of retreat thence was still

secure, whereas there was no chance of escape from Saratoga.

Pretty much the whole blame of the loss of Ticonderoga fell upon the very man who had predicted the insufficiency of the garrison and its appointments, and had exhausted himself in vain appeals for the necessary reinforcements. Washington never blamed him, and subsequently he was fully exonerated by the government and by the people.

Burgoyne next destroyed the American naval force upon Lake Champlain, and advanced to Skenesborough, now Whitehall, at the head of the lake. Thus far everything had been lovely with him; all had been plain sailing. Here he began to encounter the obstacles prepared by Schuyler's engineering.

One best posted in the details of American history, a harsh judge, a severe critic, merciless often, said that already at Skenesborough, Burgoyne's plans had all been traversed by Schuyler's preparations, not of troops—these he could not obtain—but of engineering work which his mind could conceive as well as compel the execution. While at Skenesborough Burgoyne already saw defeat rise up like a spectre before him. He felt it. It can be discerned in his letters, in his utterances.

This assertion, that, already at Skenesborough, Burgoyne felt some strong premonitions that he had lost his game, is almost admitted by implication by Stedman, and by Gordon, the most reliable writers on the Revolutionary War. On the 9th or 10th of July, the day following the affair at Fort Anne, General Schuyler played the same trick upon his opponent that Frederic the Great tried after Liegnitz, with even more success, seventeen years previously, on the 16th August, 1760, on the Russian Chernieff. By this means Frederic sent the Muscovites whirling in hot haste back across the Oder, and Schuyler so perplexed Burgoyne, that the British general, victorious in four engagements, was in doubt whether to advance or to retreat.

By so doing, our Knickerbocker leader proved that he was not deficient either in the stratagem which made Hannibal so famous, or in the strategy of Fabius, or in the practical-strategy of Berwick, so greatly praised by the noted military critic, Decker.

Schuyler's every movement and action was consonant with his whole predetermined course of action.

The day after Burgoyne cut loose from Lake Champlain, he wrote to the Albany Committee "should it be asked what line of conduct I mean to hold amid this variety of difficulties and distress, I would answer, to dispute every inch of ground with

General Burgoyne, and retard his descent into the country as long as possible." He kept his promise to the letter, and he so retarded General Burgoyne, that without counting sixteen days which the latter lost at Skenesborough, (some call it three weeks, but must include the delay at Fort Anne), it took him eight weeks more to overcome the distance, forty-one miles, which intervened between that place and Bemus Heights or Stillwater, the farthest point south to which he penetrated, about twenty-five miles north of Albany.

The trick alluded to amounts to this: Schuyler took out from a canteen, which had a false bottom, a letter written in the interest of the Colonists to General Sullivan by one Mr. Levins, and substituted an answer intentionally worded so as to deceive and perplex Burgoyne, and leave him in doubt what course it was best for him to follow. Having communicated the contents to several gentlemen about him, he signed it "Canteen" and sent it forward by a messenger upon whom the idea was carefully impressed that he was to allow himself to be captured. The bearer was taken prisoner, and the communication confided to him soon came into Burgoyne's hands. This had all the effect which Schuyler could have desired. Burgoyne was so completely duped and puzzled by it for several days that he was at a loss whether to advance or retreat. This acknowledgment, so flattering to our Knickerbocker general's sagacity, was absolutely confessed to one of Schuyler's staff after the surrender, and this gentleman was asked whether he knew anything about the intercepted letter, but no satisfaction was given to or obtained by the British commander.

Now, if a general who has come four thousand miles to invade, advance and fight, after an initiative of ten days, a conquest and two victories, is in doubt, already, whether to advance or retreat, this general is in a condition equivalent to feeling himself morally whipped, and Burgoyne was already "Burgoyned" over a month before Gates even put in an appearance. At all events he knew it, *surely*, before Gates assumed command, for he had the news of Hoosick or Sauciek, misnamed Bemington, on the 17th August.

Neither time, opportunity nor intention permits any detailed consideration of the actual fighting or engagements which occurred. Nevertheless, it is utterly impossible to pass over without comment what are termed the battles of Hubbardton, on the 7th July, and Fort Anne, on the 8th. In both of these, as far



as *moral* effect was concerned, the Americans were, to a large extent, successful.

The Earl of Balcarras, who commanded the British light infantry, testified before the Burgoyne Court of Inquiry, that "circumstanced as the enemy (that is, the Americans), was; as an army very hard pressed in their retreat, they certainly behaved with great gallantry." He added, significantly, that "pursuit was not practicable." Bear in mind that the British force in this action was a picked brigade, under Burgoyne's best lieutenant, Fraser, whose death, subsequently, may almost be said to have terminated the British hard fighting.

The Earl of Harrington bore witness: "They (the Americans) behaved in the beginning of the action with a good deal of spirit, but on the British troops rushing on them with their bayonets, they gave way in great confusion." He also added, "It certainly was not practicable to pursue the enemy further than they were pursued on that occasion. I think we ran some risk even in pursuing them so far."

This language is the more remarkable and creditable to the Americans, because it could scarcely be expected for green troops, *as a rule without bayonets*, to stand their ground against regulars well provided with this weapon of close combat and practiced in its use. Moreover, the cartridge boxes, as well as the stomachs of our people were empty; in other words, their muskets were no better than clubs in weak hands. Finally, at the critical moment, General Riedesel arrived with his Brunswickers' singing their enthusiastic battle-songs, to flank the almost exhausted Americans, who were set down, even by the British, at not more than two thousand men. Fraser had at least eight hundred and fifty picked men, and Reidesel likewise brought up the *élite* of his Germans. So much for Hubbardton.

In regard to Fort Anne, Deputy Quartermaster-General Money says that the Americans' fire was heavier at Fort Anne than on any other occasion during the campaign, except in the action of the 19th September (known as the 1st Stillwater), that they continued a vigorous attack on a very strong position for upwards of two hours, and would have carried it had it not been for the Indians.

Major Forbes testified that the Americans would have "forced" the British had it not been for the arrival of Indians, whose fearful "whoops" induced the Americans to believe that they were surrounded by savages.

Lieutenant Colonel Hill, who commanded the British 9th Regiment, had five hundred and forty-two veterans, and occupied a strong position. He certainly did not retain possession of the battle-field, despite the arrival of the Indians, and the knowledge that Major General Phillips with the 20th Regiment, five hundred and twenty-eight men, and two pieces of artillery, was pressing forward to his assistance.

It is somewhat curious, that, at Fort Anne, the English abandoned a wounded officer of great merit, likewise a surgeon and other prisoners, when, to use their language, they "changed ground." This scarcely reads like a victory.

It is a great fashion to decry popular levies for not engaging regular troops when the latter are perfectly well armed, and the former most inadequately. As a rule (and a great many distinguished generals have borne witness to the fact), young troops fight better than old troops on the aggressive when they are new to fire and its perils.

During the Burgoyne campaign, charges have been reiterated against our men, of want of gallantry. It is only necessary to appeal to the enemy for their vindication. When the Earl of Balcarras was asked if the Americans abandoned their works on account of their fear of the British artillery, he answered, "The reason they did not defend their entrenchments was, that they always *marched out of them and attacked us.*"

Let us now resume the direct consideration of Burgoyne's situation, in order to discover why he lingered so long at Skenesborough. His orders at that point are dated 7th until 23d July. On the 25th, he had only accomplished 12 to 13 miles and reached Fort Anne, where he remained until the 28th. On the 29th he was at Pitch-pine Plains, just south of it, and on the 30th, at Fort Edward, where he remained until the 13th August. In other words, he had only gained about twenty-five miles in advance in thirty-eight days.

At Skenesborough he recognized that he had in front of him a comparative wilderness of about twenty-five miles, traversed by few wood-roads or tracks and bridle-paths. These were almost impassible in such an exceptionally wet season as the summer of 1777, and moreover led through dense forests which Schuyler had converted into vast abatis. Hundreds of sturdy woodsmen, if they could not stand up in arms before regulars and shoot them down in line of battle, could fell trees by thousands. To quote the language of a contemporary, "Schuyler converted these woods

into endless slashings, impenetrable with their interlaced branches." He likewise not only so completely obstructed *the* Wood-creek, which flows by Fort Anne northward into Lake Champlain, by rolling immense rocks into its channel, that he thereby rendered it extremely difficult for Burgoyne to supply the daily wants of his army, but he caused the very same to be done by the other Wood-creek, which empties into Oneida Lake and constituted the channel of communication for the British troops operating before Fort Stanwix. St. Leger, in his report, states that it took one hundred and fifty woodsmen fourteen days to open the latter before he could get his batteaux up with supplies.

The non-military listener may ask, what does all this amount to? Everything in war. That the commissariat is as important to an army as all the other administrative branches combined, is fully set forth in the military treatises of all ages. This military truth is to be found in the Old Testament, and logistics, especially in a new country, is more important than strategy and tactics. The employment of means rather than men, constitutes the pith of practical-strategy, and practical-strategy has saved more countries than fighting.

Frederic the Great was a practical commander if ever one existed, and he said that "to get a body of troops in condition for effective service, it was necessary to begin with the stomach," and added thereto, that "an army like a serpent goes on its belly."

Schuyler impressed upon Burgoyne the full force of this lesson from the very first, and he made the valley of the Hudson like Jordan, a hard road for the British to travel. It is conceded by every writer, that Burgoyne did not sometimes accomplish more than a mile in twenty-four hours, and, in exigencies, did not get over three to four miles a day. No wonder that an anonymous writer upon the Revolution exclaimed: "It was fortunate for General Gates that the retreat from Ticonderoga had been conducted under other auspices than his, and that he took the command when the indefatigable, but unrequited labors of Schuyler, and the courage of Stark and his mountaineers had already insured the ultimate defeat of Burgoyne!"

Warren once made the remark that time in war was often so precious that delay at crises would be cheaply purchased at any expenditure of human life. At this time he was estimating the value of the morning hours gained on the first day of Gettysburg at such a tremendous cost of life, which, nevertheless, was cheap, inasmuch as it saved the position and enabled the army to concentrate and establish itself.

Other generals to whom this opinion was submitted considered it remarkably sound. Apply this rule of judgment to Schuyler, and then, and only then, can the effect of his services be appreciated. The delay he imposed upon Burgoyne was equivalent to more than one bloody victory.

Marcellus, the "Sword of Rome," never gained an authenticated success over Hannibal, whereas Fabius, the "Delayer" or "Shield," not only nearly ruined the greatest military leader the world has ever known, but eventually saved his country.

Schuyler was a consummate practical-strategist, and he saved the Colonies, just as de la Lippe saved Portugal in 1760. The latter with few and poor troops could not face the Spaniards, superior in discipline, preparation and numbers, but he worried them out, and impeded them until he was ready to strike, and then he struck, and they were compelled to evacuate Portugal. The same was exactly the case with Schuyler. He knew that Burgoyne could not advance without provisions. Accordingly he stripped the country before him of everything which could nourish his army, and he determined that he should carry as little with him as possible, and that little amid extreme difficulties such as never had entered into his calculations.

A few years ago a beautiful picture was exhibited in the National Academy of Design, representing Mrs. General Schuyler setting fire to her husband's golden fields of ripened grain. Thus by the destruction of his own crops, he set an example which thenceforward no one could refuse to follow. Thus when the cereals were reduced to ashes, and the live stock driven off, Burgoyne, as he sadly remarked, had to look back even across the sea to Ireland for the daily nourishment of his soldiers. The food thus brought in ships, river-craft, and wheel-carriages, after a transit of nearly four thousand miles, was effectually stopped and neutralized by the barrier of desolation prepared by Schuyler. Provisions were already short by the 9th, 10th July, before the British got twelve miles from their water-base.

Take a contemporaneous map of this portion of the State of New York, and the case will become apparent at a glance. Having rendered land carriage almost impracticable with his slashings and destruction of the bridges, and water-transport almost equally impossible by efforts of engineering labor, it is not surprising that Burgoyne, already, on the 7th of July, and at Skenesborough, was appalled by the difficulties before him. He was so perplexed at one time, that he thought of going back and

taking the route of Lake George, originally suggested by his king. The most inimical critic will admit that Schuyler had done well, considering the original force at his disposition.

Moreover, the English officers admit that the Americans were indefatigable in securing themselves by entrenchments, and as a rule added an abatis to their field-works. This shows that they had some one at their head who knew as much in the beginning as our best generals and officers came to learn by experience of the hardest kind, after a long series of the bloodiest lessons.

It is now universally conceded, that New England prejudice, violence, enmity and even baser passions occasioned the removal of Schuyler. This general was always unpopular with the New Englanders. He had represented his native state in its collision with the "Green Mountain Boys," in the controversy concerning the "New Hampshire Grants." He had with indomitable will, maintained the rights of New York, and, to use a popular expression, the New Englanders were "down on him" for it.

In this connection as significant, let us examine into the composition of the forces under his command.

On the 27th July, he had twenty-seven hundred Continental troops.

Connecticut, at this time, was represented by one field officer, even commissioned officers, six warrant officers, one drummer, six sick, three rank and file, the rest deserted. Fourteen field, line and warrant officers to three effective privates!

From Berkshire County, Massachusetts, about two hundred were with their colors, and in Colonel Moseby's regiment, hailing from Hampshire County, ten or twelve were left.

That is to say, New England, at this date, was represented by two hundred and thirty-four men.

New York had a thousand and fifty on the Hudson, besides those who were defending Fort Stanwix, and the eight hundred under Harkheimer, of whom about one-half perished in battle within the next ten days.

Out upon the pretentiousness of New England. They have compiled our school-books, and they have written our histories. No wonder that Fletcher of Saltom said, "I care not who makes the laws, if I can only make the ballads of a people."

There never was a New England writer just to the State of New York, from the first one who took up a pen, down to the eloquent historian who wound up by finding a new charge against New York's great son, that he was deficient in personal intrepidity.

Schuyler settled the question at the time by a single sentence: "The scoundrels that doubt my personal fortitude, dare not put it to the trial."

Such meanness is sickening, but it is excusable, perhaps, in this case, since the same charge has been brought against Frederic the Great, against Napoleon, against Greene—in fact, against the majority of the best generals, who have failed to fulfil the absurd expectations of utter ignorance. The Earl of Cardigan, after leading the Balachava charge, was taunted with timidity by a London cockney, because he started at the explosion of a beer-bottle in a railway station.

With indignation spurring on a New Yorker and a Knickerbocker to vindicate the most injured man of the Revolution, it is very difficult to put a curb upon the production of testimony.

It was actually the 19th September before Burgoyne occupied his most southerly head-quarters, Freeman's House, distant from Albany about twenty-five miles in an air-line. Seventy-five days had elapsed from his victorious occupation of Ticonderoga before he stood upon the ground on which his fate was to be decided. The farthest that Schuyler's troops withdrew, was to "Half-Moon," so named after the discoverer, Henry Hudson's ship, at the junction of the Mohawk and the Hudson rivers. His head-quarters were, as yet, at Stillwater, in advance of his army. Thence he directed all the movements which eventuated in success; thence it was that he made the effectual appeal to Stark to sacrifice his wounded pride and outraged feelings for the salvation of the country; thence it was that he despatched Arnold to the relief of Fort Stanwix; and there it was when Burgoyne, with his right arm amputated on the Oriskany, and his left on the Walloonscoick, was absolutely bleeding to death, and ready to die of exhaustion, that he turned over the command to Gates.

How few Americans are aware that in answer to his appeal to Stark, the latter had replied that "he would take no orders from any officer in the Northern Department, saving your honor," *i.e.*, Schuyler.

The key to the grand ultimate American success at Saratoga had been acquired on the banks of the Oriskany, on the 6th August, in the same way that the fate of Mexico was actually determined in the wild pass of Buena Vista by Taylor, although it required a series of victories to enable the main army under Scott to enter the capital of the Aztec Empire. In battles between nations and races, as in combats between individuals, it is

not always the last blow, several or even many of the last blows, that decide the question. Otherwise we should never have had the proverb of "The first blow is half the battle." This was undoubtedly the case at Fontenoy, where the initiative volley of the English guards did such execution, as to actually stupefy or paralyze the French infantry's capability of resistance. Or rather to present the case in a simple manner, which will make it clear without reflection, a thrust or shot, by wounding a large blood-vessel, may determine a conflict, although the wounded party should be absolutely ignorant of the injury he has suffered, and continues, after its receipt, to fight on long and bravely. Again, *prestige is power*, and the *morale* of the Mexican army was completely shattered at Buena Vista, and thus, with the prestige of the Aztec generals and of their old troops, the hope of ultimate success may almost be said to have abandoned their camp and their standard.

Considering the facts and results, the victory of Saratoga is a misnomer, and applied to it, the simile of a wounded blood-vessel is most appropriate. The destruction of Burgoyne was the result of a succession of severe wounds, not one of which can be attributed with justice to the science or sagacity, the power or patriotism of Gates. The deadly blows were inflicted by Schuyler. One of his weapons was HARKHEIMER or Herckheimer at *Oriskany*; the other, STARK, at Bennington. As Oriskany is first in order of time, there is much to justify, according to Mr. Creasy's method of deciding, the opinion that it was the turning point of the campaign, and of the utter failure of the British at the North.

For instance, the affair of Oriskany took place August 6th, that of Bennington August 16th. The first occurred on the extreme right wing, by which Burgoyne maintained his connection with Upper Canada. The second was on the extreme left of the British line of operations, which were, so to speak, "in air." The first battle of Stillwater was fought Sept. 19; the second at the same place, Oct. 7th, in the centre. The last skirmish was the 10th. Every one of these last three were checks, rather than triumphs. Yet, nevertheless, the four together, of which the first two constituted the points on which the campaign turned, certainly the mere turning point, occasioned the surrender at Saratoga on the 17th of October. *Logistics* had more to do with the accomplishment of this important result than *Tactics*, or even perhaps than *Strategy*. What is more, the hardest logistic

blows (if we may presume to use a noun as an adjective) were devised and delivered by Schuyler, long before Gates assumed the command, and were executed anywhere but upon the field where the ignorant masses imagine that the boasting Anglo-American gathered his laurels.

One incident remains to be related which has always appeared to the speaker as the finest exemplification of Schuyler's self-reliance, amid such distressing difficulties, moral and physical, as surrounded him. It has been related in different ways, but you shall hear it as it was first represented many years ago to the individual who addresses you.

Schuyler was well aware of the importance of Fort Stanwix, and although apparently he could not spare a single man, he despatched from eight hundred to one thousand men to save it, if still it could be saved; to redeem it, if it had already been lost. Already calumniated as a traitor, because he could be truly brave, and save his country at the risk of his own individual reputation, his resolution to detach Arnold from an army already too feeble to face Burgoyne in the field, raised a new storm of indignation against a patriot as true as Washington; as a general, second to none who wore the blue and buff.

The night before Learned or Arnold started, this glorious type of an American officer and gentleman was heard pacing to and fro in his room, with feelings lacerated and excited by the imputation of treason, for what he knew was a master stroke of military policy.

"I will do it"! He was heard to exclaim, more than once, with the strongest affirmation of our Saxon vernacular. "Let them call me traitor if they will." Again with the most emphatic oath, he added, "Arnold shall go"!

Arnold marched; and on receiving the news of his approach, St. Leger broke up the siege of Fort Stanwix, abandoned his artillery and stores and fled.

"Thus was Burgoyne's right arm withered (or lopped off at Fort Stanwix), and the left, which he had stretched (nearly) as far as Bennington, was arrested (or amputated, on the Hoosick, by our old friend, Stark, of Bunker Hill memory, who had been roused by the calls of General Schuyler."

Bennington was fought and won on the 16th August, three days before Gates even made his appearance. He was just in time however to receive the report of the victory and transmit it to Congress and the people, *over* his signature as if it was a glory which should be credited to him.



Arnold, Schuyler's chosen lieutenant, started to relieve Fort Stanwix on the 13th of August, but a portion of the same brigade, Learned's, from which his flying column had been formed by volunteering, had already been despatched by Schuyler in that direction. The mere news of his approach caused St. Leger to break up the siege, and abandoning artillery and supplies, retreat precipitately. Arnold's *start* was six days before the arrival of Gates.

Furthermore, let us not forget that St. Leger and Sir John Johnson had already experienced a stunning shock at the hands of Harkheimer, on the Oriskany, on the 6th of August, thirteen days before Gates even showed himself. Gates was at Stillwater, within two to four miles of the invaders of his adopted country, which entrusted its most important command to him, on the 19th of August. These dates are repeated for emphasis.

Gates found ready to his hand an army, cocks in their own barn-yard, of thrice the effective strength of the enemy. Nevertheless, exactly a month elapsed before there was any battle, and when it did occur the aggressive was on the part of the British. "It is admitted that Gates did not leave his camp during the contest; and the special adjutant referred to, (says Lossing in his "Field Book of the Revolution," ii., 44), asserted boldly, that intoxication was the chief cause." As this is one of the stereotyped charges against generals, it is not worth while to dwell upon it; but it appears to be conceded, that not only Burgoyne himself, but three of his Major-generals were prominently upon the battle ground, and under the most spiteful fire, whereas on the American side not one—not even a Brigadier, appeared there until near its close.

In the next battle, Stillwater, 7th October, Gates, with at least two if not three Americans to one Britisher, did not again show himself to the troops; neither did his second in command, Lincoln. The chief glory of this day belongs to Arnold, who had no legitimate right to be there, and a goodly share to Morgan. The former was the realizing spirit of the fighting, and Morgan did his duty most effectually. Both these were children of the original, bona fide, New Netherland domain.

It was in consequence of Morgan's particular personal orders that Fraser, Burgoyne's best lieutenant, was picked off and mortally wounded; and there is very little doubt that Fraser's fall was the principal cause of the American victory. What is more, as a farther proof of the tremendous effect of the precision

of the American sharpshooters' fire, was the fatal wounding of Sir Francis Clarke, Burgoyne's first or chief aide-de-camp, at the very moment when he was conveying a most important order to Lieutenant Colonel Kingston, in regard to the disposition of the British artillery.

What was Gates doing at the crisis of this battle—the conquering Gates—whose fame, based on Schuyler's sacrifices, watchings and labors, was to fill the whole land? To avoid a charge of misrepresentation the speaker will quote in reply from the noted historian Lossing, who introduces this statement not only into his "Field Book of the Revolution," but repeats it in his biography of Schuyler. (11, 369).

"While Arnold was wielding the fierce sickle of war without, and reaping golden sheaves for Gates' garner, as Schuyler had intimated that he was likely to do, the commander (according to Wilkinson) was within his camp, more intent upon discussing the merits of the struggle with Sir Francis Clarke (Burgoyne's aide-de-camp, who had been wounded and taken a prisoner, and was lying upon Gates' bed at headquarters), than upon winning a battle which was all-important to the ultimate triumph of those principles for which he professed so warm an attachment. When Wilkinson came to him from the battle-field for orders, he found Gates very angry because Sir Francis would not allow the force of his argument. He left the room, and calling his aide after him, asked, as they went out: 'Did you ever hear so impudent a son of a——?' Poor Sir Francis died that night upon the bed of his coarse and vulgar antagonist."

The last fighting or skirmishing which occurred on the 9th, 10th Oct., was lighted up by the flames of Schuyler's devastated mansion; barns, mills, store houses, granaries, and other buildings on the south shores of the Fishkill, such as to-day would cost \$150,000. A few weeks previous, Mrs. Schuyler had burned her crops to prevent them from profiting the enemy, and now, almost the last act of the invader was to lay her happy home in ashes.

Burgoyne had now become convinced that his army could no longer fight, maintain itself, retreat in a body, or even escape in detachments. The Americans would not hazard an engagement, although they were from ten to fifteen thousand strong in effectives, and the British had only three thousand five hundred fighting men left. Every portion of Burgoyne's position could be "searched out," not only with artillery, but with small arms, especially rifles. What is more, every American who had even

a fowling-piece, had become as valuable as a regular soldier. If he could not stand up like a professional in line of battle, and augment a volley, or cross bayonets, he could bushwhack like a frontiersman or an Indian. From behind a tree, a practised stripling might pick off the bravest soldier or the most capable officer, either, a much larger target than the partridge or squirrel he was accustomed to bring down with a single ball. These were the tactics which at Kings Mountain, 7th Oct., 1780, the fiercest southern conflict of the whole seven years, overwhelmed the most capable and intrepid partisan in the royal service. This decisive engagement is remarkable as the first in history in which breech-loading rifles, with elevating sights, were used as weapons for troops "of the line" and in line. The Americans could not stand the British bayonet, which scattered them like sheep, but the victors in the charge were eventually shot down like wild beasts in a battu. If there is an accursed trade in the whole immense circle of violence, that gives "a warrant to break into the bloody house of life," to which man readily adapts himself, it is that of a sharpshooter. Each successful shot is a deliberate murder.

If Gates had possessed any of the foresight and insight of a general, he could have compelled Burgoyne's surrender at discretion. He had done nothing to reduce him to the necessity, and he did nothing to profit by the necessity to which he had been reduced by Schuyler.

When Schuyler, by legal inheritance, became possessed of a vast fortune for the time, he shared it with his brothers and sisters. Out of his own purse he relieved the necessities of his country. In this he had very few imitators. Only one at this particular juncture—Langdon of New Hampshire. Too many of the patriots were rather intent on filling their pockets. As a recompense for his own patriotism, an Englishman was allowed to steal his birthright and New Englanders enabled him to do so.

Schuyler's letters, when he knew that he was to be superceded, read almost like the telegrams of Thomas when threatened with supercedure before Nashville.

Burgoyne surrendered!

France acknowledged American Independence, sent us troops, and what was far more important, money and supplies of all kinds. Without France, freedom would not have been achieved even in six more years, if at all. Little gratitude however, is due to France since the Colonies were simply the instruments of her

vengeance upon England. Thus the capitulation of Saratoga was the pass-key to American victory.

Schuyler forged and fitted the key; inserted it in the lock; and Gates was allowed to turn it; Schuyler, to the last, forgetful of self, and only mindful of his country, assisting Gates to open the door.

A year afterwards, Congress and a court-martial exonerated Schuyler from all blame, and within three years ATE'S sleepless sleuth-hounds tore Gates down from his place of pride, and avenged Schuyler. Unfortunately ATE can only punish, it is not her prerogative to reward.

The speaker's duty to his native State and to his Knickerbocker blood is discharged, but New York, untrue to herself in the present as in the past—as untrue to-day as in 1777—has set up no monument, either to Harkheimer, mortally wounded in body at Oriskany; or to Schuyler, crucified in spirit at Saratoga.

Why? Is it necessary for the speaker to proclaim it? Because Schuyler was not an intriguer nor a politician, a speculator nor a peculator, but a Christian gentleman and a true soldier.

Schuyler in arms never served again. He performed his duty to the letter to the United States and to New York. He inaugurated the system which has made this the "Empire State," and despite the fiercest life-long tortures of disease he did all that any man could do to serve his fellow citizens to the very last. He died full of suffering, affliction, years, and honors conceded too late, on the 18th of November, 1804, realizing "Perfection is the greatest fault the envious man can discover—the first he cannot reach, the last he cannot injure."

"Grave precepts fleeting notions may impart,  
But bright example best instructs the heart;  
Then look on FABIVS, let his conduct show,  
From active life what various blessings flow.  
In him a just ambition stands confessed;  
It warms, but *not* inflames his equal breast.  
See him in senates act the patriot's part,  
Truth on his lips, the *public* at his heart,  
There neither fears can awe, nor hopes control  
The honest purpose of his steady soul.  
No mean attachments e'er seduced his tongue  
To gild the cause his heart suspected wrong;  
But, deaf to envy, faction, spleen, his voice  
Joins here or there, as reason guides his choice.  
To one great point his faithful labors tend,  
And all his toil in 'Freedom's' interest end."

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MAJOR GENERAL  
*PHILIP SCHUYLER,*

AND THE  
BURGOYNE CAMPAIGN  
IN THE SUMMER OF  
1777.

---

What build a Nation's bulwarks high and its foundations form;  
What make it mighty to defy the foes that round it swarm;  
Not Gold but only MEN can make a People great and strong;  
MEN, who for Truth and Honor's sake, *stand fast and suffer long;*  
Brave men who watch while others sleep, who fight while others fly;  
They plant a nation's pillars deep and lift them to the sky.

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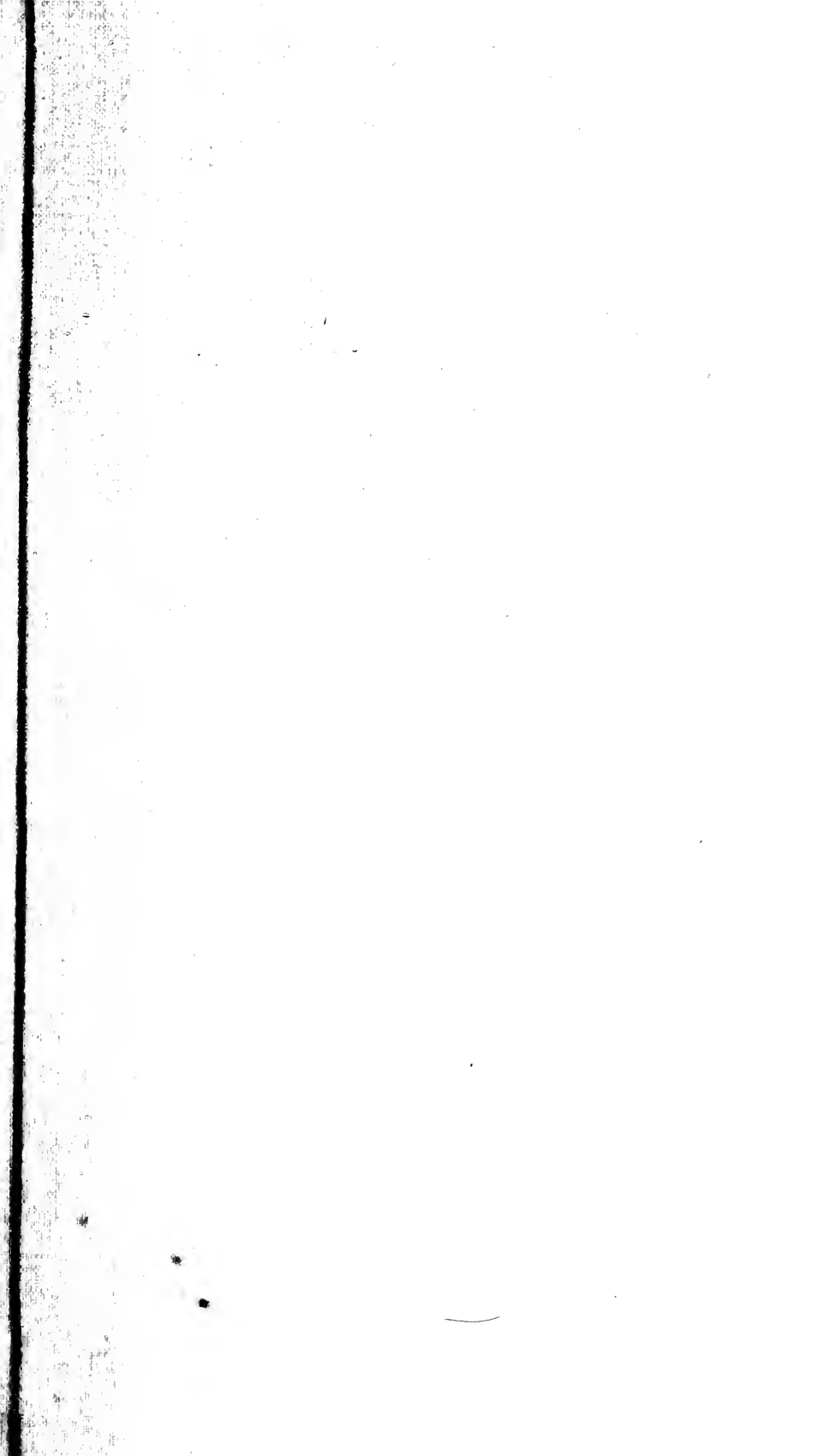
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